

WANTED: A COOK

By Raymond Maxwell

Julia and Arthur Van Tyne entered the holy estate of matrimony with high ideals. During their engagement they passed many happy evenings arranging the details of their future home.

The servants were to be treated with a firm but mild kindness which was to reduce them to a condition of loving submission. Julia said that it would be very pleasant to be served always by the same faithful creatures, and she even went so far as to imagine Arthur's funeral when his bier would be surrounded by a group of white-haired servants who would sob that they had lived with "Master" for 45 years. Arthur answered that if the servants did stay for 45 years that they would be most likely to call him "the old man," yet he was pleased with the idea. He was also to have the privilege of bringing home company whenever he wished. His wife would receive them with a smile and then they were all to sit down to a simple, though perfect dinner.

The Van Tyne's built a pretty little house with every modern convenience to add to the burden of their existence. They had steam heat, electric lights, stationary tubs, dumb waiters, soiled clothes chutes, telephone, burglar alarms at every window, hard wood floors, patent ventilators, and every other thing that the architect's fertile mind could suggest. When the house was finished and furnished their friends called it a "little paradise." None inquired after the serpent, but she was there—or rather not there most of the time. Her place was in the kitchen. The serpent was nominally known as the cook.

The first cook stayed two weeks, then quarreled with the second girl and departed. Another cook came, lingered for five brief days and then left because she said "thim conveniences wud set her crazy inside of a month." Then cook after cook passed through the Van Tyne kitchen, pausing only long enough to kindle hope in the heart of Mrs. Van Tyne and then quench it.

When the little Van Tyne's began to come to live with their parents the question became even graver. If the fourth little Van Tyne had been a raging lion instead of a sweet, pink baby, he could not have caused more misery. He made his mother lose a "jewel" who had been with her for over four months and who had promised to stay forever if Mrs. Van Tyne would have a new porcelain lined sink put in the kitchen.

Arthur Van Tyne became a past master in the wording of alluring and misleading advertisements. He said that he expected to be arrested at any moment for obtaining cooks under false pretenses, but he gave full reign to his imagination. He always spoke of his family as "rather large, but quiet and easily pleased," while as a matter of fact the young Van Tyne's were small but lively. He knew by his misery now that "plain cooking" meant the ability to boil potatoes, fry a beefsteak and make weak tea, yet he always put it in his advertisement as a bait.

Then after he had spent a small fortune in "ads," he turned to employment agencies. One day while haunting the agency of Mrs. Sarah B. Hackett, he found a cook who said she could really cook and didn't object to small children. She went home with him and put on her apron. The Van Tyne's found that she could cook and then they waited patiently to learn her infirmity—for by this time they had learned that no cook is perfect. They found out that first evening.

The weird, long drawn notes of an accordion came floating in from the kitchen. The Van Tyne's looked at each other and smiled. In his rash youth Arthur Van Tyne had said that he would never tolerate an accordion in his house, but now he only grinned foolishly as he listened to "The Georgia Camp Meeting."

The cook played the accordion in all her leisure hours, but the Van Tyne's were too meek now to hint that they preferred another instrument. In this lull Van Tyne wrote to his parents, asking them to pay him a visit. "I want you to see our babies," he wrote, "so hurry up and come while we've got a cook."

A day or two before he expected them, Mrs. Van Tyne ventured to tell the cook. When she returned to the library she said: "We can't have your father and mother just now, Arthur."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Cook says that she doesn't like people staying in the house. She don't object to 'mealers' once in a while, but she won't have 'sleepers,' because it makes so much fuss at breakfast."

Van Tyne said something behind his back, then added, "I suppose I'll have to telegraph them not to come. We can say we think Minnie's coming down with some disease, for I don't want to hurt their feelings. And it won't be any lie, either, for she'll catch something before the telegram's delivered."

"Minnie's had everything but the Spanish measles and the small pox," her mother answered with sorrowful aside.

"I thought she had had all three kinds of measles," Van Tyne said. "But there are four kinds—red, black, Spanish and German. I do hope that all the children will have the last kind this winter, then we will be through."

"Then Minnie will invent a new kind herself. She won't ever be satisfied if she doesn't have some kind of a rash," Van Tyne answered. "Between the children being sick and our servants my life isn't worth living any more."

But for a time all went well again. Then a month later Mrs. Van Tyne met her husband at the front door as he came home to dinner. She made a tragic gesture. "She is going to leave us, Arthur." "She" in the Van Tyne house always meant the reigning cook. "She has given me a week's notice. With so many children we'll never get another."

"We might murder the children and hide the bodies down cellar," Van Tyne suggested. "We could tell the neighbors that we had sent 'em out to the country."

"Arthur, how can you joke on such a subject? What can we do?"

"We might try boarding," he said, rattling some loose change in his pocket.

Mrs. Van Tyne frowned. "If we board, the children will get pert and horrid. I hate boarding house children. We shan't board."

"Then we might get a divorce and then I could marry the cook and make a home for the children. How does that strike you?"

"Arthur, I think you are horrid tonight. I'm sure we've always been happy together even if we have had troubles with the servants," his wife said. "You might think of some plan, I think."

"That's the only one I can think of now," he answered, as he went up stairs.

Mrs. Van Tyne went into the library and laid down on the couch. She cried a little for she found that even Arthur was rather unfeeling, too, today. Her head ached and her thoughts seemed to waver.

She could never remember exactly how the divorce was gotten, for her head seemed to ache always now, but she knew that she suffered horribly when she had to leave her children and her ex-husband. She kissed the children all around twice and told them never to forget her. The baby cried to go with her, but she unwound his little arms from about her neck and turned to Arthur. She only gave him a slight pressure of the hand for the cook was watching them from the dining room door. Arthur had never looked more dear to her than at this moment, but he only said carelessly: "Come and take dinner with us some day—any day after tomorrow. You know tomorrow is our wedding day," and he smiled at the cook.

The cook was dressed in a gown of blue and red plaid and she carried her accordion under one arm.

In some way poor Mrs. Van Tyne stumbled out to her cab. It was very bitter giving up husband and children, so they could have a home and some one to cook for them. But the hardest trial was yet to come. After some time had passed, she met Arthur one day coming out of an employment agency. He looked careworn and seedy and tried to avoid his ex-wife. But she caught his arm. "Why have you been in there?" she cried, pointing at the agency.

"To get a cook," he stammered, looking down at his rusty shoes.

"To get a cook—you married the cook!"

"Yes, I know," he answered. "But after we were married she said she was a lady because she had married a gentleman, and so of course she couldn't keep on cooking. I couldn't deny that I was a gentleman, so you see she had me. Logical, wasn't she?" He smiled drearily. "Besides, she is learning the banjo now, and that takes up a good deal of her time."

"How do you live then?"

"We are 'mealers' at the restaurant on Chestnut street."

"Has the baby cut any more teeth? Does he chew on his rubber ring?" she asked.

"I saw him chewing at the poker yesterday," Van Tyne answered, as he walked away.

She looked after him. He stooped a bit as he walked and had quite lost his alert, prosperous air. She felt that all her sacrifices had been in vain.

"And I don't suppose any of the children have on their winter flannels yet or—"

"Wake up—dinner is ready!" Somebody was shaking her shoulder. "Did I act like a brute?" somebody was saying. She opened her eyes. It was Arthur.

"Aren't we divorced?" she asked.

"Don't think so. Oh, I know what you mean—the cook."

Mrs. Van Tyne took hold of her husband's arm. "I had such a horrible dream about you and the cook being married and the baby's teeth. I can't get over it."

While the second girl was passing the soup the glad strains of the accordion came up from the kitchen by way of the dumb waiter. "Katie seems happy tonight," Van Tyne said.

"Her heart has come back from Iowa," the second girl answered. "He wants her to be married as soon as her week's up. He was the one that learned her to play so nice on the accordion."

Mrs. Van Tyne smiled—if she had only known about the beau from Iowa before the dream. "We must give her a wedding present," she said in her relief to find that dreams are not real.

"Yes," Van Tyne replied with a grin. "We'll get her a red silk platted accordion set with mother of pearl with 'It is more Blessed to Give than to Receive' engraved on the plate."

Outlet

Sugar and syrup making are the order of the day. The run of sap is reported to be good.

Mr. Herman Heaslip has purchased a farm from Mr. W. A. Dier on the sixth concession.

Mrs. John Reed and son, Shirley, are spending a part of the holidays with friends in Athens.

Miss Eva Stevens, who has spent the past few weeks with Mrs. Geo. Reed, returned to her home at Charleston on Sunday.

Mrs. E. Vandenburg returned home on Thursday evening from Sand Bay, where she was engaged nursing Mrs. Ross Leadbeater, of Cereal, Aberita, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Slack.

Mr. N. Shook, Athens, was in our town on Saturday.

School closed on Thursday with a small entertainment in the afternoon for the pleasure of the little ones.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Vandenburg made a trip to Gananoque on Wednesday with their automobile; the roads are in a fairly good condition.

Morty, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cross, who has been very ill, is somewhat improved in health. The nurse has gone and the little fellow is quite comfortable now.

Miss Myrtle Reed spent a day recently at her uncle's, Mr. George Slack, Sand Bay.

The Holiness Movement are holding services on Sunday afternoons in Woodvale school house.

Charleston

The Charleston Red Cross Society met at the home of Mrs. R. Foster on Thursday afternoon and filled eleven pails weighing five pounds each, and valued at a total of \$33.56, for boys overseas. Since Christmas parcels have been sent overseas by the ladies of Charleston school section, valued at \$108.02. A quantity of pyjamas, jackets, yarn, and caps were received by Miss Florence Heffernan and distributed.

Word has been received that Private Edmund Heffernan had been wounded in action.

Miss Julia Hudson is spending a few weeks in Frankville with her sister, Mrs. McKenny.

Miss Jennie Eyre is holidaying at her home here.

Miss Sarah Hudson recently visited friends in Brockville.

Oak Leaf Cheese Factory commenced operations on Monday last with a good supply of milk.

T. Hudson has gone to Taylor, to make cheese.

A. Morris is here with his sawing machine.

Work on the wharf is progressing.

Word was received here last week of the death in New York City of Mrs. Fleishman, an annual visitor to the lake. Her death is much regretted.

WINNING SUCCESS.

It Must Be a Continuous Performance, With No Intermissions.

"The other day," says a writer in the American Magazine, "a famous author was telling me how he felt when his first story was accepted. He said that within a few minutes the thought flashed across his mind that he could not stop, but must go on. One good story must be followed by another and another and another, else his reputation would die, and he would be humiliated. He said that the feeling was not exactly comfortable; that the prospect was in a way terrible. 'Being successful,' he said, 'is not easy. The successful man advertises to the world that he can do certain things well, and he must go on making good or back off the map. It's a great sensation, a great experience, worth almost anything, but it isn't a snap.'

"It is the same way in business. The salesman who sets a high mark has to go right out and beat that mark or suffer by comparison with his own record. He can't sit down in a rocking chair and devote the rest of his life to receiving congratulations.

"Have you ever sat in a restaurant and compared your job with that of a waiter? Try it some time. No matter what your work is, I am sure you will see the point if you watch the waiter and think how exactly his job typifies yours. Take, for example, my job—that of an editor. An editor's job is exactly like that of a waiter. He has to go and get something good and bring it in. And after he has brought it in he has to go right out and get something more and bring that in. The minute he sits down or stops to talk unnecessarily with the guests, he ceases to give as good service as before. Then the guests who praised him a moment ago begin to growl. And so, almost immediately, he has turned from a good servant into a poor one.

"This fits any line of human activity. A continuous performance is what is wanted. Nothing else counts."

Mostly Talk.

"Getting up betimes and enjoying the early morning is delightful these days."

"Yes; I often talk about doing it."

KICKS A \$500-JOB AROUND

Actor Finally Discovers Mysterious Cable, Long Ignored, Refused by Others, Belonged to Him.

"Who is Leo Robinson?" asked Robinson of the clerk of a Tenderloin club in one of the large cities, whose membership is for the most part made up of actors. "That cable has been here so long it is getting my goat."

It was one of those cable envelopes which permit the name and address to be read through the thin paper.

"Haven't you opened it yet?" asked the clerk in return. "I forwarded it to J. C. Robinson in San Francisco and he returned it saying it did not belong to him. Next I forwarded it to H. D. Robinson, in New Orleans. He said it did not belong to him. I did not think of asking you to open it because you have seen it almost every day and I got the idea that it did not belong to you. I put it back again thinking that it was for some other Robinson who might be introduced and have the mail privilege."

Robinson carefully opened the flap of the envelope with a pencil because it had been pasted up by the last Robinson. As he read the message his brows knitted, his fingers trembled, he ran his hand through his hair.

"Dampfool!" he ejaculated, and glared at the cable dispatch. Whether he meant the remark for himself or for the sender he did not specify.

"That cable is for me," he remarked, the ejaculation having cooled him off somewhat. "That cable offered me a \$500 job for a month's work. Here it has been kicking around for three months and I hadn't the slightest idea it was for me. But why should it be addressed to Leo Robinson?"

The clerk took the cable dispatch. "It isn't addressed to Leo," he said. "That is 'leo,' which means the cable message is written in the language of the originating country."

"Give me a postage stamp and I'll write an explanation, but I know it will never be believed," but it was ten minutes before Robinson got his thoughts into shape to put on paper.

The Lesser Evil.

"If you were compelled to engage in conversation with one or the other for an hour which would you choose, a woman with a mission or one who thinks she is misunderstood?"

"The woman with a mission."

"Why?"

"She would do most of the talking. A woman who thinks she is misunderstood usually wants a little confidential advice."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Charleston School Report

Entrance class—Elva Spence, Frances Stevens.

IV. Sr.—George Godkin, Claude Botsford, Hubert Heffernan, James Botsford, Walter Wood.

Jr. IV—Evelyn Latimer, Cora Stevens.

II—Charlie Webster, Raymond

Heffernan, Bernard Godkin, Kenneth Latimer.

I Sr.—Albertus Kelsey.

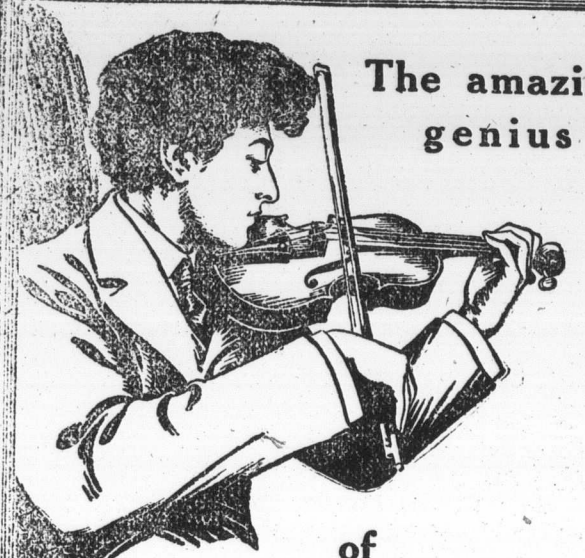
I Jr.—Sammy Kelsey, Ida Belle Covey, Mabel Covey.

Pr.—Francis Crozier.

Total Enrolment—9.

Average attendance—13.

Mina Pritchard, Teacher



The amazing genius

of

JASCHA HEIFETZ


On Four New Victor Records

This new wizard out of Europe has enthralled America with the magic of his bow. And his startling genius shines in every note of his first four Victor Records.

Ten-inch Red Seal Records, Drigo
64758 Valse Bluette Beethoven
64759 Chorus of Dervishes
Twelve-inch Red Seal Records, Wieniawski
74562 Scherzo-Tarantelle Schubert-Wilhelmj
74563 Ave Maria

BE SURE TO HEAR THEM

E. C. TRIBUTE, Agent



Military Service Act

Important Announcement to All EXEMPTED MEN and to the Public Generally

IN dealing with the very large number of claims for exemption brought forward for consideration in connection with Class 1 under the Military Service Act, it has occurred, as was inevitable, that as a result of false statements and difficulties put in the way of investigation, some individuals have secured exemption whose proper place is in the Army.

It is not the intention of the Government to allow these men to evade permanently their obligation to bear their part in the military defence of the Country and of the ideals for which we are fighting. To do so would defeat the purpose of the Act, and cause grave injustice to men in the second class necessarily called out to fill their places.

Exemptions Granted on False Grounds

It is, therefore, proposed to scrutinize carefully all exemptions granted to date in order to separate those which have been granted on false or insufficient grounds from those that are well founded.

With this object in view the various Registrars under the Military Service Act have been instructed to issue a series of questionnaires to exempted men. These questionnaires must be filled up correctly and returned promptly under penalty of forfeiture of exemption for failure to do so.

Exempted Men Who Have Changed Address

It is therefore important in their own interest that all exempted men who have changed their address since their exemption was granted and who have not already notified the Registrar of such change should notify him at once. Under the Regulations it is the duty of exempted men to keep the Registrar advised of any change of address, and failure to receive the questionnaire by reason of neglect of this duty must be treated as equivalent to failure to return the questionnaire after receipt.

Citizens Urged to Assist

In many instances information has been furnished by members of the public which has led to the cancellation of exemptions obtained by false or misleading statements. Further co-operation of this character is invited. The Government regard it as the Duty of all loyal citizens, not only to the Country, but to the men at the front, to assist in this way in securing reinforcements on a just and legal basis. Correspondence of this character will be treated as strictly confidential and will receive the fullest investigation.

CHARLES J. DOHERTY,
Minister of Justice.

Correspondence should be directed to Major H. P. Cooke, Deputy Registrar under the Military Service Act, Kingston, Ont. 402P